

THE BATTLE FIELD.

THE BOY IN GRAY.

Frederickburg had had her fray,
And the armies stood at bay;
Back of wall and top of hill,
Union men and men in gray,
Glowered at each other still.

In the space between the two
Many a hapless boy in blue
Lay face upward to the skies;
Many another, just as true,
Filled the air with frantic cries.

"Love of God," with pity stirred,
Cried a rebel lad who heard;
"This is more than I can bear!
General, only say the word,
They shall have some water there."

"What's the use?" his general,
Frowning, asked. "A Yankee ball
Drops you dead, or worse, half way.
Once you go beyond the wall,
"May be," said the boy in gray.

"Still, I'll risk it if you please."
And a sentinel, in at ease,
Nodded growling under breath:
"For his mortal enemies
I have sent the lad to death."

Then a hotter fire began,
As across the fields he ran:
Yankee shooters marked a prey
But beside each wounded man
Headless knelt the boy in gray.

Parched lips halted him as he came:
Threats with fever all aflame,
While no balls were spinning by,
Drained the cup he offered them.
Blessed him with their dying cry.

Suddenly, through rain of those
Pattering shots a shout uprose,
Din of voices filled his ears;
Firing ceased and eager foes
Made the welkin ring with cheers.

Foes they were, of bitter need,
Still to every noble deed
Hearts of men, thank God, must thrill;
And we thrill, too, as we read
Of those cheers on Marye's hill.

Days of battle long since done,
Days of peace and blessing won;
Better is it to forget
Cruel work of sword and gun:
But some deeds are treasures yet.

—St. Nicholas

SUPPED WITH SOUTHRONS.

An Escapee Which Roused and Alarmed a Union Camp.

After Sheridan's army moved back to Winchester, in the fall of 1864, the cavalry was picketing out some five miles, and had not as yet made winter quarters, but was getting what comfort they could out of dog tents and rail fires.

During the early part of the fall our pickets were well out to Middletown. On this line we became very well acquainted with the people living in the vicinity. Although the men were all in the confederate army, the Vermonters became very good friends with the female portion of the community.

Christmas night, 1864, three of the Vermont cavalry officers were invited to eat a Christmas supper at one of the houses near where our reserve picket post used to stand. I have forgotten the name of the people, but the incident seems fresh in my memory, and was one of the few real enjoyments of a soldier's life.

The house to which the officers were invited was some four miles outside of our picket line. Rather a tedious trip, when one might expect to find father or brother at home from the confederate army.

Nevertheless, those officers were bound to have their Christmas supper, regardless of what might be outside the picket lines. That did not worry us nearly as much as how we were to pass our picket lines out and in again.

Finally, we made up the following yarn to relate at the picket line: We represented ourselves as Custer's scouts, and we were going out to see if we could find where Early was; that we might be gone until twelve o'clock; to be sure and tell the relief guards that we were out and would come in about twelve, so they need not call the officer of the guard when we came in.

Our story passed current with the pickets, and we were soon trotting gaily to our supper. When we reached the house we found a private of some regiment who had stolen outside without story or permit. The night was quite dark, and after making our horses as secure and comfortable as possible, we were royally welcomed by the lady of the house and her daughter. We could not well stand picket and enjoy a meal at the same time. So we concluded to get the meal first. The lady assured us if her son, who was in the

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After our supper the ladies sang for us and we enjoyed a few hours most pleasantly, although the ladies would sing nothing but southern songs. We were not particular what they sang, as our objective point was a square meal.

The time rapidly slipped by when we must return to camp. Here was a new dilemma—how were we to get the private into camp? Well, we started on our return, and on the way concocted this story for the pickets: We were duly challenged at the picket line. One man riding ahead up to the picket, asked them if they had been informed of our being out? "Yes; that is all right." But, say, we have been near Cedar creek and captured one of Early's scouts, and are taking him to Custer. "All right; pass in."

We were not long in making our camp from the picket line. I heard one of the reserve pickets remark: "Those scouts must have rode like blazes to have gone to Cedar creek and back in four hours."

We scented a commotion on the picket line when the officer heard our story. They started at once for Custer's headquarters to see if we were honest. We were not there, but they reported all the same. Custer had no scouts out, and we must be the enemy. "Search the camp!" We were not long in unsaddling and crawling into our dog tents, even pulling off our spurs while snoring. We were the first to inquire what the rumpus was, and were told of our entering the lines. If they had thought even to lift some of the blankets on our horses they would have readily discovered the horses that had been in use. But we did not suggest this test, and good luck again shielded us, and our horses gave no signs as they munched their hay.

Later on, when the camp had somewhat quieted down, we gave our horses their well-deserved oats, and in the morning they only blinked their eyes and looked wise, when the rumor went through camp that some one played a trick on the picket, and Early's scouts were supposed to have entered camp and escaped again.

We had no suggestions to offer, but smoked our pipes in peace. One of the officers became provost marshal of the Third cavalry division later on.—S. A. Clark, in National Tribune.

A WELL-KNOWN VETERAN.

Death of Beman Adams of the "Pigeon Wood" Band.

Beman Adams, of Elgin, Ill., was buried the other day. Every one in the north end of Kane county knew and respected him. He had been a familiar figure about Elgin for years.

Weighting nearly four hundred pounds he sat in his wagon talking war times to his comrades of the sixties or drove the patient old horse about the city delivering eggs. People paid a little more a dozen than the market price demanded, not only because the eggs were always fresh, but it was a pleasure to have Mr. Adams drive up to the door and talk. He could not get down from the wagon owing to his weight. Mr. Adams is best known as a member of the famous "Pigeon Wood" band which has a reputation in this vicinity running back to war times. He served as drummer boy with the Thirty-sixth Illinois regiment and accompanied his regiment in all its hard-fought engagements. After returning from the war the band was formed consisting of snare and bass drum and fife. The "Pigeon Wood" band for years participated in all patriotic events in this part of the country. Mr. Adams grew corpulent in late years and at the time of his death weighed almost four hundred pounds and measured five feet two and one-half inches around the waist. A special coffin was made for his remains. It was thirty-two inches wide and six feet three inches long. Mr. Adams came here in 1841 from his home at Attica, N. Y., and was seventy-three years old when he died.—Chicago Tribune.

Death of Gen. McCook.

The many newspaper stories told recently about the "fighting McCooks" have recalled the following, related by a western paper, of Edwin Stanton McCook, who served under Gen. Logan, Grant and Sherman, and who was himself a brigadier general. This brother was appointed secretary of the territory of Dakota in 1871 by President Grant, and took up his residence in Yankton, this city then being the territorial capital. Soon he became involved in a bitter political struggle which split the republican party and resulted in the nomination of two republican tickets, and the consequent election of a democratic congressman. At a public railroad meeting held in the United States courtroom here on the night of September 11, 1873, Gen. McCook was assassinated by P. F. Wintermute, a banker and strong political opponent of the republican party. McCook died at daybreak, and Wintermute was tried for murder. The jury disagreed and on the second trial he was acquitted.—National Tribune.

The natives of northern Alaska and Siberia have no knowledge of money, and tourists to that country have to exchange the same into barter goods.

Scab Unknown in Australia.

In Australia the scab in sheep has been absolutely wiped out by the persistent use of hot baths of sulphur and tobacco, followed by one of sulphur and quicklime at a temperature of 110 degrees. However sound the apparent condition of any imported sheep, down it must go into this bath. There is no ore scab in that country.

LOOKS BEFORE MERIT.

Importance of Care in Sorting and Marketing Garden Crops.

It costs no more to raise good fruits and vegetables than it does poor. The expenses of gathering, packing and shipping and marketing are precisely the same on the different grades. But the returns are wonderfully different, and, we take it, the farmer is in the business for these very returns. Why not then get the most out of them? The only thing which makes the difference between the good and the poor is care, but this selfsame care must be scrupulously exercised from beginning to end. From the proper preparation of the ground for the plants right through to the shipping of the crop, every detail must be attended to; the neglect of a single one may render all the others futile. It will not pay to expend all the energy on raising good crops only to gather and ship them in a slipshod fashion. Of the two evils it is better to err in the other direction, for careful sorting and neat packing will do much towards selling an indifferent article, all things being judged first by their appearance and then by their taste. Looks come before merit in all cases.

When these are combined, as they always should be, then the big profits come in, for fancy articles bring fancy prices. Too many farmers fail to realize this. They save their labor by failing to assort their crops according to size and quality, or economize in the wrong direction, as when they use an old soiled package, thereby disgracing a would-be purchaser and rendering him suspicious of the fruit which a clean new package would have set off and rendered tempting and attractive. All such saving, whether of labor or money, is false economy, and results in loss to the seller.—N. Y. World.

The Marketing of Fruit.

The producer is a great loser by marketing his fruit in a haphazard way. The fruit houses in the cities send out into the country drummers and solicitors and they succeed in getting the fruit consigned to certain houses that may be utterly unknown to the grower, and his fruit may or may not be sacrificed. In every section where fruit growing is a prominent industry, there should be an organization with an agent to attend to the marketing. It would pay a large profit. The selling of farm products to traveling solicitors is not business.—Farmers' Voice.

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The Marketing of Fruit.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

HERE'S A GOOD IDEA.

Get Farmers to Ride Wheels and the Road Question Is Settled.

It is a typical American scene: The harvest time that is now under full headway in most of the states of the union has its spare moments for the thrifty farmer, though it is a very busy season. But even in these spare moments the agriculturist is busy with his thoughts. The roadmaking is over "for now." On one side of this primitive highway great, rough ridges of sod and clay have been plowed out of the bottom of the roadside ditch and scraped up to make the road. The farmer's cattle often coming home that way know better than to walk in these heaps while the other side of the road is smooth. So does the country swain riding home from meeting or country-side dance with his best girl. So does everybody. How, then, are those rough ways to be made plain?

But just wait. The farmer looks innocent enough; and to judge by his roadmaking, you wouldn't think he knew much. These teamsters and the general public may think they can travel these highways for nothing, and that they have what city folks call a "cinch" on the downtrodden son of the soil. As soon as harvest time is over that other side of the road will be heaped up

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FISH ATE FIREFLIES.

The Fishes Were Alive and Continued to Furnish Light for the Fish.

A New York doctor was at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, recently studying the fauna and flora of that wild and beautiful section of Morris county. While strolling around the shallow shore of the lake one evening, he discovered a marvelous thing, which made his blood tingle with the hope that he was about to add to the entomological knowledge of the country.

He saw in the clear water near the shore some bright objects flashing with phosphorescent fire. The doctor knew of phosphorescent fish in salt water, and was aware, also, that nothing of the kind had ever been noted as inhabiting fresh water. Consequently he believed that he had discovered a new species, and he made haste to get his minnow net and capture one of the lively little creatures. It was no easy matter to do this, but after trying for an hour he succeeded in catching two of the fish in one scoop of the net.

Delighted with his great luck, he hurried to the house and examined his prizes by the light of a kerosene lamp. They were each two and three-quarter inches long, and almost transparent, with a stripe of silvery sheen down each side from gills to tail. Under the lamp the phosphorescence could not be seen, but this did not deter the doctor from going on with the examination. He dissected one of the fish carefully, and then removed the lamp from the room. There was the phosphorescent glow upon the card where he had placed the viscera of the little fish; moreover, they seemed to be imbued with life. Sticking a pin through the center of the glowing sac he brought the light back, and, opening the sac, disclosed four or five of the large fireflies which abound at the mountain lake. Two of them were still alive.

The doctor's disappointment was keen, but he could not refrain from laughing at the simplicity of the solution of the matter. The glowing insects had been taken in by the lively little fish as they struggled upon the surface of the water, and their strong incandescence shone through the translucent sides of their captors.—N. Y. Sun.

A JAPANESE MOTHER.

Pretty Picture of Domestic Life by a Native Writer.

Without knowing why, my heart was full of such love and confidence toward her, that I did not seem able to live without her. While I was still too young to attend any school, this loving little lady took such a deep interest in me that she was always ready to play with me, using all her influence to keep me away from the hand of small urchins whose chief delight was in playing war, or wrestling, when they were not engaged in "frog hunting," or the execution of the black cat condemned without process of law. Whenever those young samurai (knights) would call on me to enlist me in their dark plots of mischief, the same little lady used to come in with dainty sweetmeats, pictures and toys, and in the most fascinating way persuade us to give up